

brow he realized it was the nurse, but he felt there was a good angel in her somewhere that drove the imps away and brought his intellect back and crowned him again a man. The nurse flitted softly about the room, took his temperature, and gave him medicines. Oh, it was good to have her there. When she started to go he murmured:

"Please don't go away and let those devil imps steal my reason."

"Delirious, poor fellow," she murmured. "But I must go," she said, "there are others to see."

"Then leave your good angel with me," he pleaded.

She humored him: "Yes, here she is on your pillow," she said as she took his hand then stole away.

He dosed off again in that terrible sleep only to dream. It was a battle royal, all the live long night, between the angel and the imps; a terrible battle all the night long for intellect and reason, until the dawn; then the devil imps flew away but the angel sat on the pillow and held the crown of intellect close to his head. She looked at the open door as if expectant. By and by, after a long while, a sweet face appeared. Was it an angel without

through us the divine vibration that pulses through all the universe and through you too. Think of the trees and the flowers and the sweet ferns, that grow by the running brooks, and the fragrance shed all around. Thus will our mother Nature by the part of her that pulses through you battle and vanquish the fever, dread destroyer of mankind, and you shall again look upon the face of Nature. We have been plucked and will shortly die but we care not for we shall live-forever imprinted upon your soul, being the messengers of life." Thus said the flowers and smiled again shedding all around still sweeter fragrance.

Lo! as he (the sick man) gazed upon the flowers the scenes of his boyhood returned in panoramic succession. Roaming in the forest and the wild glens, lying on the sweet sented fern clumps by the murmuring brooks, under the roar of the waterfall, with wild flowers all around; or, the scene at early sunrise, when the luminous orb of day peeps over the eastern horizon streaking with radiating rays the eastern sky, and awakening the somber shadows on the distant low-capped mountain, changing the tints, first to a pale delicate blue; then, as the sun rose, to a faint but glorious pink tint, glossy as the finest silk, that chased away the



This is the monument erected to the memory of Jules Tavernier, one of the artists of the *fin de siècle*. He did his last and best work in these islands, where he died and where he was buried. He alone transferred the grandeur of Kilauea to canvas and gave to the world the only faithful picture of Hawaii's natural wonder.

wings? She came in and while arranging some flowers in a glass on the table near his bed asked:

"How do you feel today?"

"I think I am very sick," he answered quite rationally, then looking up into her sweet face he asked: "Are you an angel?"

She opened her large beautiful eyes wide in astonishment, then she realized and smiling said: "No, I am only a flower girl from the Flower Mission. I have brought you some flowers. If you will look at them and breath their fragrance they will bring you a message from the outside that will help you to get well." And she was gone.

There were the flowers on the table in front of him smiling and nodding and shedding sweet fragrance that he breathed. It intoxicated his senses.

"I wonder what message they bring," thought the sick man as he gazed upon the sweet faces of the flowers. Answering his thoughts the flowers said in unison:

"We have just been plucked from teeming life to bring you a message from our great mother Nature. She bids you feel

blue; then the purple; then broad day. Oh the glorious sunrise!

These thoughts stirred the pulsation of all the nature that was within him, and, still gazing upon the flowers, his intellect, which had remained apart, coiled about his head, sank back again and crowned his brain making him again a man; and still under the influence of the flowers he sank into a peaceful and restful slumber.

At noon the doctor came and the nurse waked the sleeper and took his temperature. "Remarkable!" exclaimed the doctor in hushed tones. "Last night and this morning his temperature was over 103 and in six hours it is down to 101." And the doctor went away puffed up with the thought of his great skill in the use of deadly drugs.

But the sick man and flowers laughed softly to themselves for they knew it was mother Dame Nature that worked the marvel by awakening in the sick man his sympathetic pulsations with Herself and the Divine vibration through the message of the flowers.

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Queen's Hospital, April 14th.